

*The history*

For time is like a fashionable hoast,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;  
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,  
Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,  
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all,  
To enuious and calumniati g time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-borne gaudes;  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,  
More laud then guilt ore-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object:  
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,  
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Aiax*;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
That what stirs not. The crie went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may againe,  
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent,  
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions amongst the gods them-selues,  
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my priuacie,  
I haue strong reasons.

*Ulis.* But gainst your priuacie,  
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:  
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue  
With one of *Priams* daughters.

*Achil.* Ha? knowne.

*Ulis.* Is that a wonder:  
The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,  
Knowes almost euery thing,  
Findes bottom in the vncomprehensue depth,  
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,  
Do thoughts vnuaiile in their dumbe cradles.

Thero

*of Troilus and Cressida*

There is a mysterie (with whom re  
Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of  
Which hath an operation more diuine  
Then breath or pen can giue expresse  
All the commerce that you haue ha  
As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord  
And better would it fit *Achilles* mu  
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polix*  
But it must grieue young *Pirhus* now  
When fame shall in our hands sound  
And all the Greekish girles shall tri  
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* win  
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate d  
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer  
The foole slides ore the Ice that you

*Patr.* To this effect *Achilles* haue  
A woman impudent and mannish g  
Is not more loth'd then an effemina  
In time of action: I stand condemn  
They thinke my little stomach to ch  
And your great loue to me, restrain  
Sweete rouse your selfe, and the we  
Shall from your neck vnloose his an  
And like dew drop from the Lions  
Be shooke to ayre.

*Ach.* Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*?

*Patr.* I and perhaps receiue mu

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at  
My fame is shrowdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O then beware.

Those wounds heale ill, that men d  
Omission to doe what is necessary,  
Seales a commission to a blanke of  
And danger like an ague subtly tai  
Euen then when they sit idely in the

*Achil.* Go call *Thersites* herether f  
He send the foole to *Aiax*, and del  
T'innite the Trojan lords after the

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